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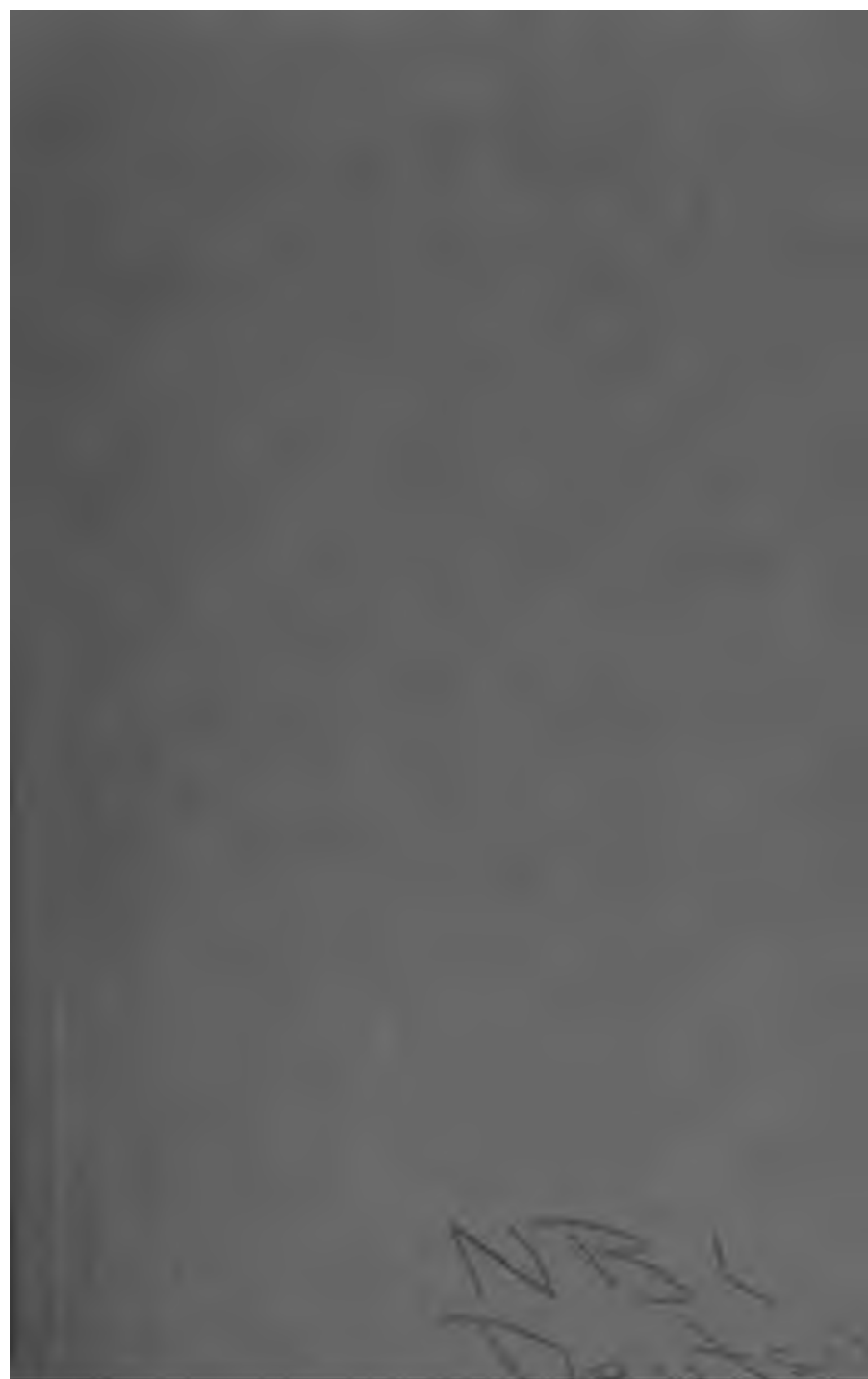
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B A N N E R S

BY

BABETTE DEUTSCH

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the same time, the fact that the same person can be both a subject and an object of a relation, and that the same relation can be both a subject and an object of a relation, is a fact that is not captured by the traditional logic of categories. This is because the traditional logic of categories is based on the assumption that the categories are mutually exclusive and exhaustive. In other words, if a person is a subject, then they cannot be an object, and if a relation is a subject, then it cannot be an object. This is a problem because it means that the traditional logic of categories is unable to capture the full range of possibilities that exist in the world. For example, it is possible for a person to be both a subject and an object of a relation, and it is possible for a relation to be both a subject and an object of a relation. This is a fact that is not captured by the traditional logic of categories, and it is a fact that is important for understanding the world.

One way to solve this problem is to use a logic that is more flexible than the traditional logic of categories. This logic is called the logic of categories with relations, and it is based on the idea that the categories are not mutually exclusive and exhaustive. In other words, a person can be both a subject and an object of a relation, and a relation can be both a subject and an object of a relation. This logic is more flexible than the traditional logic of categories, and it is able to capture the full range of possibilities that exist in the world. This is a fact that is important for understanding the world, and it is a fact that is not captured by the traditional logic of categories.

Another way to solve this problem is to use a logic that is based on the idea of sets. This logic is called the logic of sets, and it is based on the idea that the categories are sets of objects. In other words, a person is a member of the set of subjects, and a relation is a member of the set of relations. This logic is more flexible than the traditional logic of categories, and it is able to capture the full range of possibilities that exist in the world. This is a fact that is important for understanding the world, and it is a fact that is not captured by the traditional logic of categories.

There are many other ways to solve this problem, but the two ways mentioned above are the most common. The logic of categories with relations is the most flexible, and it is able to capture the full range of possibilities that exist in the world. The logic of sets is also flexible, but it is not as flexible as the logic of categories with relations. This is because the logic of sets is based on the idea of sets, and it is not able to capture the full range of possibilities that exist in the world. The logic of categories with relations is the best way to solve this problem, and it is the way that I will use in this paper.

B A N N E R S

BABETTE DEUTSCH

For courteous permission to reprint certain of these poems, the author thanks the editors of *The Dial*, *The Liberator*, *The Lyric*, *The Maccabæan*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *The North American Review*, *Pearson's*, *Poetry* (Chicago), *Reedy's Mirror*, *The Seven Arts*, *The Smart Set*, *The Sonnet*, and *The Texas Review*.



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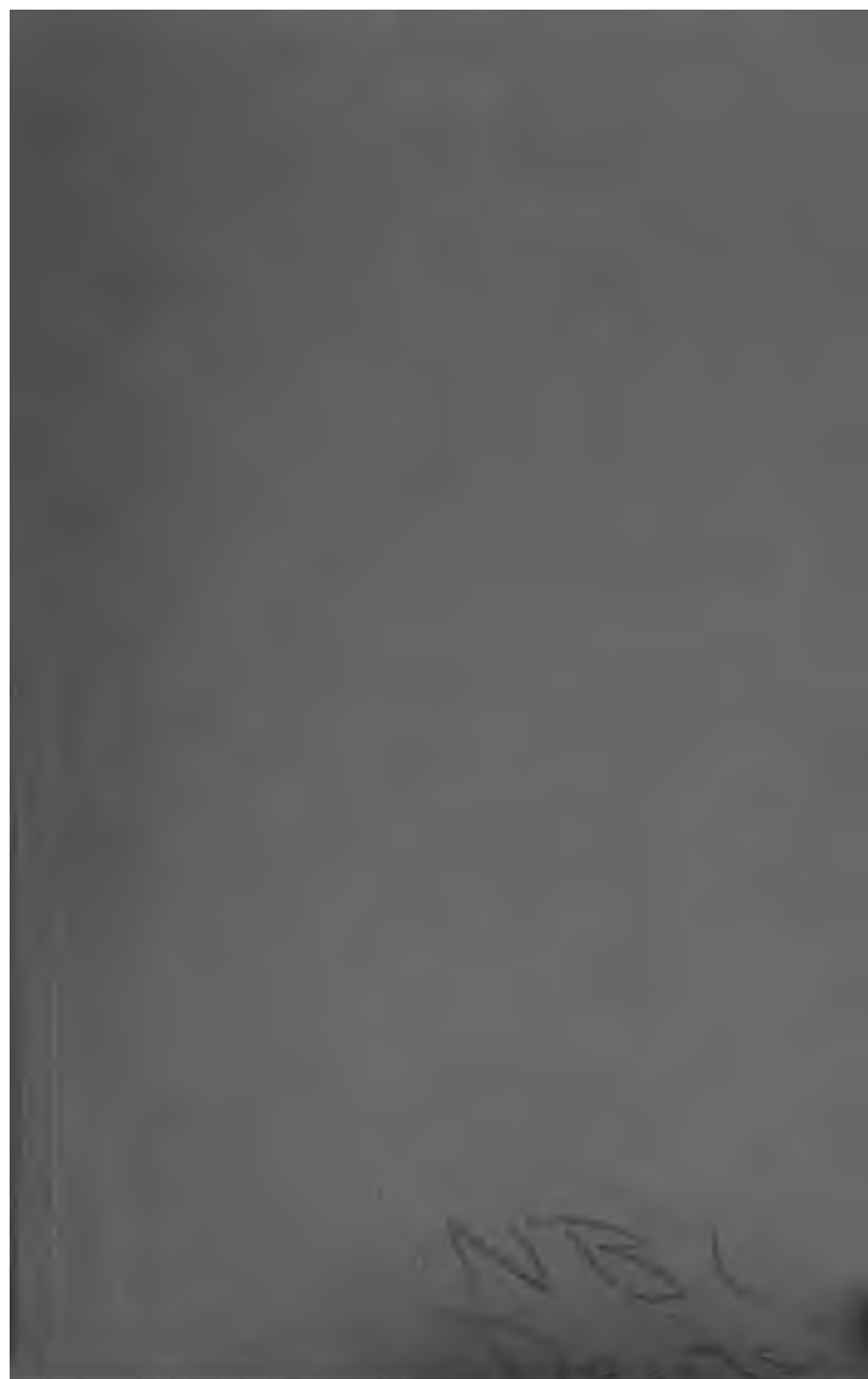
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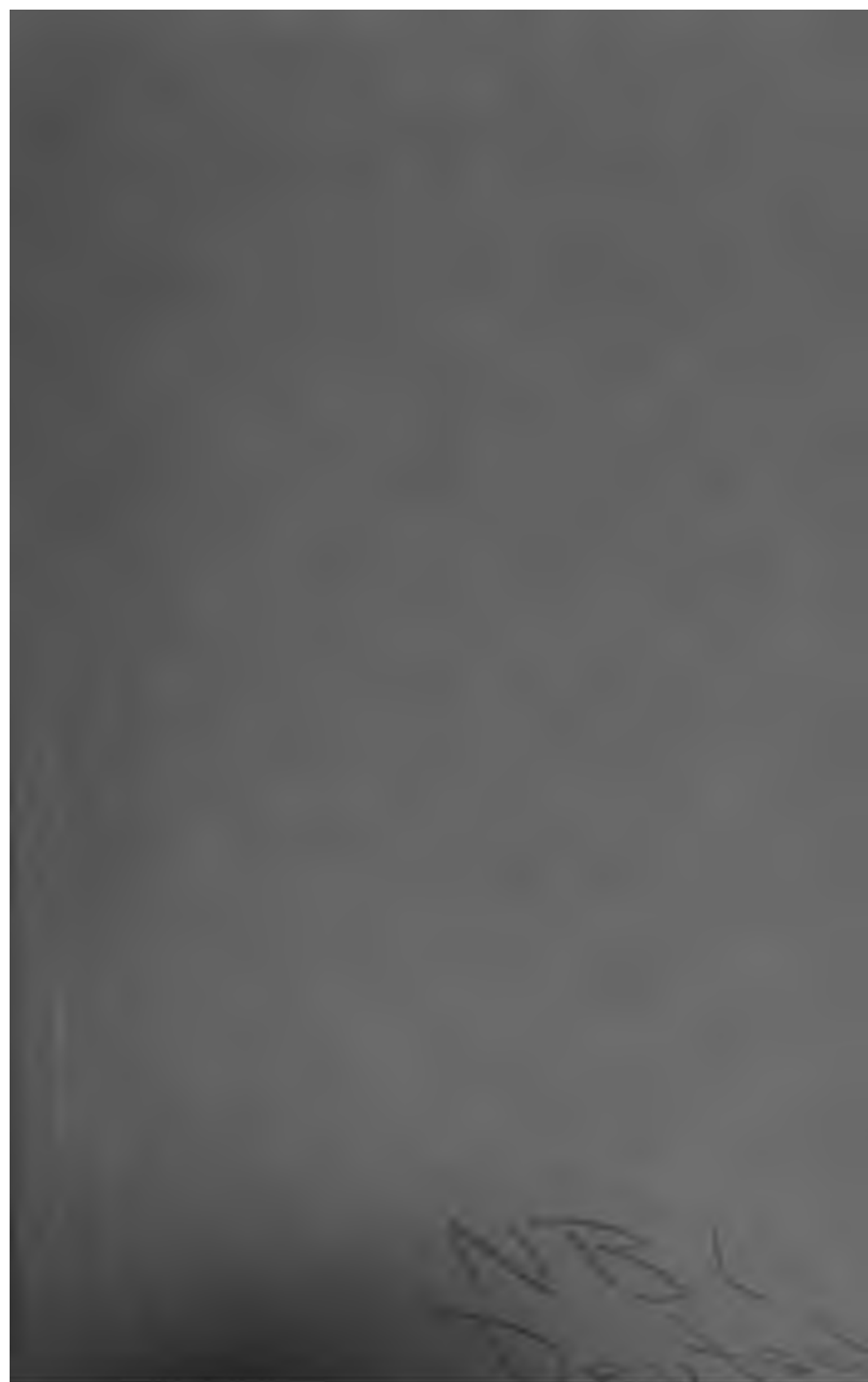
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De.

2. The second section focuses on the role of technology in modern record management. It highlights how software solutions can streamline processes, reduce errors, and improve accessibility. Examples of specific tools and platforms are provided, along with a discussion on the security measures necessary to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access or loss.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges associated with long-term data retention. It explores the legal requirements for archiving records and the potential risks of data degradation over time. Recommendations are made for implementing robust backup strategies and for regularly reviewing and updating storage protocols to ensure the integrity and availability of the information.

4. The final section discusses the importance of training and education for staff involved in record management. It stresses that effective record-keeping is not just a technical task but also a cultural one that requires a commitment to accuracy and attention to detail. The text provides guidance on developing training programs and fostering a culture of continuous improvement within the organization.

B A N N E R S

BABETTE DEUTSCH

EPHEMERIS

EPHEMERIS

ABOVE the river in a summer swoon
Hangs the still air, and in the warm embrace
Of afternoon
We too lie dumbly, full of soft delight.
The grass is sweet to smell:
We suck the white
Fresh ends of it, and the green pleasant place
Where we are lapped seems with that faint taste
sweeter
Than any popped isle in remote seas
To some divinely drowsy lotus-eater.
Long, long
We lie, and have no care for any human thing,
Save for the snatch of song
Where, bathing gaily, tawny-bodied boys
Upfling
The water round them; or from a child at play
Floats the shrill ripple of laughter far away.
And then sharp stillness, pointed by the stir
Of little winds among the boughs, wherethru
The deep sky shines impenetrably blue.

BANNERS

EPHEMERIS—*continued*

Wrapped in that golden haze we weave at will
The scents and airs of summer's subtle loom;
Regretting but the moments as they pass,
The perished bloom
Of the wan day, that like the wind is gone;
And in the growing hush we watch her die;
And watch, beneath the same impersonal sky
The wimpled river flowing greyly on.

EPHEMERIS

MARBLES

THE boys are playing marbles in the street;
Crouched with gay eyes intent on the rough
ground,
Heedless of storming labyrinthal feet,
Keen only for the lovely sound
Of knocking balls
And colors brightly blent.
Glazed potties, blue and green and lavender,
Gleam near pale stonies' warm eburnean;
Like earth and splintered diamond, agates shine;
Glassies are struck alive with sun;
Blood-alleys glow like drops of frozen wine.
Here beauty lies: a bracelet all unstrung
For the March city
While she smiles and stirs
Above the eager gamble, knuckle-down, of her
young jewellers.

Marbles, and March, the tossing wind, and the
click
Of ball on ball, and wild tumultuous cries,

BANNERS

MARBLES—*continued*

Anger and laughter, adventure!
A glance and a thumb's short flick:
Rubies and amber and lustrous Carrara to win.
Hope jigs in the heart.
White house-tops sail in the skies.
Romance winks from the dust where the colored
 alleys spin.

The clangorous traffic drowns the hurrying
 crowd's
Nervous relentless tread.
Sunset climbs down the clouds.
Day and the wind are dead.
There are separate ways in the dusk, and lonely
 shrill farewells.
To lamplit windows and his narrow bed
Each goes, a trifle wistful.
Yet each knows
Prodigious spells
To charm the hours between sun and sun.
The bulging pockets grin; the spoils in reach
Of gloating sight and touch all night must lie.
Each has by heart their palpable smooth speech,
Their singing colors' lullaby.



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B A N N E R S

BABETTE DEUTSCH

EPHEMERIS

DISTANCE—*continued*

A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.
Heedless as happy children, or maybe
Lovers creating their own solitude,
Or worn philosophers, content to brood
On an intangible reality.
Shut in an ideal universe,
Within their darkened window-frame
They ponder on their moves, rehearse
The old designs,
Two rusty skull-caps bowed
Above an endless game.

BANNERS

SMOKE

BECAUSE it is evening,
Because the last light lies
In fading warmth on the housefronts and the grey
street,
Because the night clouds are overcoming the
skies,
The air comes sweet
With the savor of a rare and delicate wine.
Ambiguously I repeat
The vain old pageant's movements, nor resist
The soft demands of eyes.
On a loud corner I may pause to stare
After the massed backs of the moving throng;
Swing to the syncopation of a song;
Listen to the chatter of hurrying feet;
And send delicate smoke into the air,
Regarding the first lamps on the pale thorough-
fare.
I snuff the dust mingled with the perfume
Of women of fashion;
Taste night's early breath,

EPHEMERIS

SMOKE—*continued*

And the city's bloom.
Because life is so barren of passion,
I would sense death.
Beauty passes like smoke on the wind, and delight
Is sharp as the last puff of an exquisite cigarette.
And should I fret because the vulgar night,
With lost emotions and stale poignancies,
Stabs with the chill acuteness of a knife
Offering life?

BANNERS

ROMANCE

There are shy woods
Of quickening thin boughs,
Pale jade, alive.

There is a wind,
A tempest and a roar of beaten waters,
Agape with laughing fangs.

There is a darkness,
Tender, terrible.
Gestic, or I remember. . . ?

EPHEMERIS

TWO HOKKUS

ANSWER

You ask for a hokku.
Ask for silence, rather.
It is like trying to ride past the sun.
It is like the words of farewell
Before a final parting.

SCREEN PATTERN

The hounding wind
Runs shrieking thru the dark.
From a black cloud
The moon gleams like a tiger
Amber-eyed.

BANNERS

SHOWER

From the clear melancholy sky
The rain
Drops in long shaken sheets,
And softly hops on the wide, glistening streets,
And dully flows
Through emptied thoroughfares,
Where a few solitary cabs parade
Like slow defeated ghosts none living knows,
For whom none living cares.
Till lightning quivers and harsh thunder breaks
On startled ears
And wakes
Old wonders and old fears.
The huddled folk
Stare outward at wind-swollen gusts
And the down-driven smoke,
And at the sky,
Defended by complacent surety
Of a near hour when they need not pause
For drenching winds and bolts beyond their laws.

EPHEMERIS

"TO AN AMIABLE CHILD"

You were an amiable child.
Not as the other children were,
Petulant, pouting,
You would wear your half-grown wisdom
With an air of humor;
And you laughed less than you smiled.
And you were largely tolerant
Of company and rainy days and common games
 you did not want.
You were so still, but radiant
When life was good.
And more than food or play,
Music you loved, and motion and
Beauty you could not understand
In voice and face and golden weather.
Yet sometimes for whole days together
You wore your silence like a shield;
You who could yield
As graciously to death as to your nurse
At bedtime, hopeful of prodigious dreams.
Now here you lie.

BANNERS

"TO AN AMIABLE CHILD"—*continued*

But too unmindful of sweet dreams or waking,
For all the birdsongs and the blossoms breaking
Above your grave,
Or wondering strangers making
What tale beseems your faint quaint epitaph.
Now rank sods cover
The dust of lovely limbs, and all the show
Of your beloved ways is strangely over.
Yet there's some comfort in the world to know
That you were dear and fair, and still must be
Remembered so.

EPHEMERIS

THE DEATH OF A CHILD

ARE you at ease now,
Do you suck content
From death's dark nipple between your wan lips?
Now that the fever of the day is spent
And anguish slips
From the small limbs,
And they lie lapped in rest,
The young head pillowed soft upon that indurate
 breast.

No, you are quiet,
And forever,
Tho for us the silence is so loud with tears,
Wherein we hear the dreadful-footed years
Echoing, but your quick laughter never,
Never your stumbling run, your sudden face
Thrust in bright scorn upon our solemn fears.
Now the dark mother holds you close; . . . o, you
We loved so,
How you lie,
So strangely still, unmoved so utterly,
Dear yet, but oh a little alien too.

BANNERS

SEA-MUSIC

THERE is a place of bitter memories
Dreary and wide and lonely as the sea,
Foaming and moaning; there they come to me
Like wild gulls crying sea-taught monodies; . . .
Iron-winged hours, heavy, heavy with dread;
Dawn after death; the sound of a shut door;
And shining love that has a withered core;
The eyes of those who fight and starve for bread.
There is doom, and change, and silence, and deny-
ing;
Memories of these pluck at the heart of me.
And over the bitter roar of the old dumb sea
The air is filled with the noise of wild gulls
crying.

EPHEMERIS

HARMONICS

I HAVE come here to be free for an hour or two,
To relinquish to a darkness richly lit,
To the silken movement of infiltrating crowds,
The music, the noisy thrill of dischords preluding
it,—

The morning's fret and the night's restless argument.

The quarrelling strings and the dim stage are kind,
Rest is in the curtain's velvet fall.

Lovely indifferent strangers put poverty out of
the mind.

The mutter of traffic is exquisitely drowned
By the low bright liquid swell of belling sound.
I forget . . .

The miles of mud,

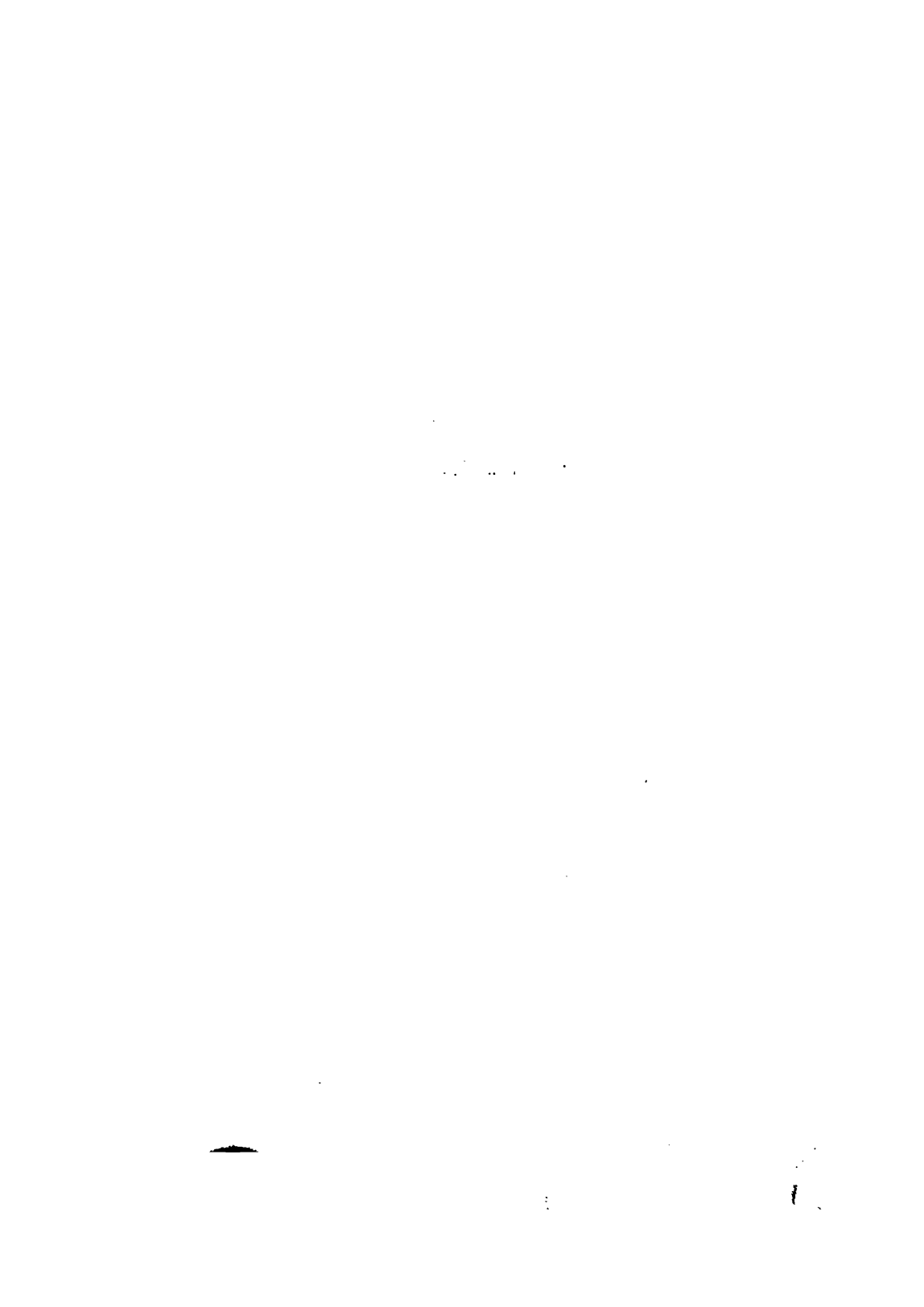
The barren world of mud

And fire; pulling at the boots and biting at the
flesh.

The watery world

Of sinking corpses.

The filthy dawns,



SONGS AND SILENCES

SONGS AND SILENCES

SONGS

I WOULD make songs for you:
Of slow suns weighing
Thru pale mist to the river, overlaying
Gold upon silver tissue; or the hush
Of winter twilight when the bushes quiver
Blooming with birds;
Of the easy snow;
Of patient streets, or the theatric glow
Of lamps on crowding faces in the night;
Of sudden gay encounters without words;
Of sorrow quiet in a huddled fight;
Of the release of April winds;
Of death,
That is a stillness without peace,—
Like love, wherefor I am so dumb to you.

BANNERS

SILENCE

SILENCE with you is like the faint delicious
Smile of a child asleep, in dreams unguessed:
Only the hinted wonder of its dreaming,
The soft, slow-breathing miracle of rest.
Silence with you is like a kind departure
From iron clangor and the engulfing crowd
Into a wide and greenly barren meadow,
Under the bloom of some blue-bosomed cloud;
Or like one held upon the sands at evening,
When the drawn tide rolls out, and the mixed
light
Of sea and sky enshrouds the far, wind-bellowed
Sails that move darkly on the edge of night.

SONGS AND SILENCES

FROM THE FERRY

THE wind blew salty from the bay,
Darkly the river rose,
Lights on the farther shore were pale
As when the first star shows.

Our faces lifted to the night,
The air was like a boon;
We were as close as lovers are,
And alien as the moon.

BANNERS

WALLS

THE cliffs were terrible. Black flint
Rearing upon the sky;
In futile patterns shadowy boughs
Laced their immensity.

We moved at the dark granite foot;
In our old bantering tone
We talked and laughed. Beside us, truth
Stood with a face of stone.

SONGS AND SILENCES

DAWN

OVER hushed lawns a pale grey arch,
Vague walls took sharper form;
Beyond, the quiet water lay,
Flickering dark and warm.

Farther, the city: clustered lights,
Dimmed where the sky-line glows;
Sleep hovered on the freshened air;
You laughed . . . the new sun rose,

BANNERS

CANDLES

Joy lights the candles in my heart
When you come in, until it seems
The racing flames must fill the room
With Marathons of gleams.

The place where we are met is gay
And glowing with the darting rout,
Till going, you swing wide the door,
And blow them out.

SONGS AND SILENCES

LURES

SWART rusty pine-boughs hold
Thin threads of pallid gold.
At the white high-road's turn
Coppery bushes burn.
The sky is clear and green.
The light is hard and keen.
But sharper, shriller, cries
Your absent face . . . your eyes.

BANNERS

SEA-PIECE

DUNES overthrown by the wind lie prone to the
twilight;
Held in the foam-darkened hollows and softly
moving
Over the pallid sea-marge in slow resurgence
Whispers the ocean.

Threads of foam in the fine sands lingering faintly
Sink as we watch. The touch of the air is colder.
Swift the oncoming clouds. Your lips upon my
lips
Salt with the sea-wind.

SONGS AND SILENCES

PRELIBATION

GHOSTLY scent of boughs that stir in the darkness,
Fresh the fine dark dew, the thick stars distant,
Earth one star that swings in the luminous
heavens:

These are our terror.

Blind and bright, they look upon nameless lovers;
In their light the ravishing years are looming;
You must go from my arms. One will take you,
Death, or estrangement.

SONNETS

BANNERS

SIC SEMPER

HUSH broods on the pale fields under the spell
Of the dim sky and its half-hearted stars.
Only the dwindling winds in their soft swell
Stir the dark boughs and their flung shadow-bars.
All hidden lights, all muffled noises seem
To lie beyond the grey horizon's edge.
Here is the timeless silence of a dream,
And we two ghosts who keep a wordless pledge.
But with so small a warning, suddenly
Fragrance swoops down upon us like a storm
That leaves us clutching, clinging humanly;
With your two arms about me, tense and warm.
And the sweet night is hid, as by a wall,
And love, low-voiced, fierce-fingered love is all.

SONNETS

SOLITUDE

THERE is the loneliness of peopled places:
Streets roaring with their human flood; the crowd
That fills bright rooms with billowing sounds and
faces,
Like foreign music, overshrill and loud.
There is the loneliness of one who stands
Fronting the waste under the cold sea-light,
A wisp of flesh against the endless sands,
Like a lost gull in solitary flight.
Single is all up-rising and down-lying;
Struggle or fear or silence none may share;
Each is alone in bearing, and in dying;
Conquest is uncompanioned as despair.
But I have known no loneliness like this,
Locked in your arms and bent beneath your kiss.

SONNETS

THE SILVER CHORD

A FROSTY silence, blank as the wide spaces
Of drifted snow, broods on the brilliant air.
Green lakes of ice lie in the white embraces
Of wind-swept meadows, under skies as bare.
Beyond, shrouded in smoky rose, the hills.
A pale, bright sun, enmeshed in sombre boughs,
Threads these with ruddy haze. And quiet fills
The hollows where the shadow-bringers drowse.
Quiet is resonant as some deep bell;
Beauty like music echoes in the brain.
The snow-lit clarity is palpable.
Here is profound appeasement . . . here is pain.
Only the infinite impersonal moves
So poignantly the finite heart that loves.

BANNERS

SEVERANCE

IN the fierce rhythm of love we two were swung
As tho to hidden music, while the flood
Of our insurgent passion throbbed and sung
To the staccato thrilling of our blood.
All else was silence: silence in the trees,
Deep silence in the meadows, and the sky
One vast dark arch of silence. All these
Quiet before our close-locked bodies' cry.
Yet a rebellious brain could question still,
Weaponed with fear and with proud reason, come
To thwart and torture love's blind-lidded will,
To sunder those strained limbs, quivering and
dumb.
And I could taste estrangement in your kiss;
Embraced, we could yet seek, and seeking, miss.

SONNETS

THE PERFECTIONIST

AMONG the vain confusion of the crowd
He bore like wind, with sudden music fraught;
Following beauty like a fiery cloud
Beyond to the far, frozen peaks of thought.
As ice, his lucid passion burned and shone,
Wherein he saw the vulgar pageant pass:
The shadow of God, and kindling, stared upon
His own stern image wavering in the glass.
The vision broke. Crashing in fragments round
him,
His insubstantial universe came down.
His mirrored self was splinters to confound him,
He struggled blindly, seeing himself drown.
But the dark face of God he sought to see
Wore death's grotesque familiarity.

BANNERS

TO RANDOLPH BOURNE

So you are dead. Forever foreign now;
Yet more accessible than when you moved,
With awkward ambling steps and ominous brow,
Among the furniture of life you loved.
You were so fragile and so pitiless;
The games we played with you were rich in dread:
You had a devil—and a god, I guess.
Now you are proud no longer, being dead.
You scorned the ivory tower, yet obeyed
Truth with most monkish fervor, in a cell
Cramped as your joys. And precious as a maid,
Your lonely mind was incorruptible.
Your diamond flame burned keen; but now you
are
Familiar as the fire of a star.

SONNETS

REDEMPTION

LIKE children wakeful in the night, alert
For some sad sound of the deserted street,
We too discard our toys, and stare, inert,
At walls of black estrangement and defeat.
We sicken with the sound and smell of war.
Among our best, devouring fingers thrust;
And life is hateful, bitter at the core.
The world goes out—a candle in a gust.
We are in the dark, and terrified or tired,
As those who move, with groping hands, to bed,
Rather than any joy we once desired,
We crave the long blind void of being dead.
But in a curving limb, a choric cry,
Beauty throbs stronger than the will to die.

BANNERS



BANNERS

BANNERS

("The national colors, with their eagles, have given place to plain red flags, one of which floats over the famous Winter Palace, where the Duma will now meet." Newspaper clipping; March, 1917.)

WHEN on the sun-spawned earth
First the mothering light
Dawned on her dark,
What stirred in the dark?
The brute was groping there,
Lured from his rock-hewn home
By the beckoning spark.
A slow, earth-smattered thing,
With the smell of the earth on his hair—
His, in the dawn of the world,
His, in a cave impearled,
His was the first great spring
To the red dawn, to the fire.
The caves are buried.
The mammoth-hunter

BANNERS

BANNERS—*continued*

Is dust upon the dust he trod.
Yet here upon a richer sod
The serf of later ages, burnt with toil,
Stood free,
And saw the fruits of his own soil
Glowing like dawn.
And here the cities see
Among their clustering lights and smoke, new
days,
New freedoms, and new slavery.
But now, as from beneath the deep earth-floor
The seed of flame beats upward, raging higher,
Now breaks the noise of people roused to war,
Who take their own like fire.
Their flag is fire:
Color of the red sun
On the horizon of the cave-man; one
With the color that is spilled over the earth
In every battle, with every shuddering birth.
Blood of the beaten slave, of the faithful crucified,
Blood sapped from the worker, blood of all who
died
To nourish the new soil wherefrom should spring
The unknown desired thing.
This flag a nation takes, to stud

BANNERS

BANNERS—*continued*

The battle-fields with beauty.
Oh when you behold it whipping in the wind,
Color of dawn and of your own heart's blood,
Soldiers,
Will you not rise
From earth-trench and sea-hollow where you keep
Your tryst with death,
And wake out of your sleep,
And see with the cave-man's eyes
That the day is here, and this is the sunrise!
Come, as the brute from the dark, with a mighty
 leap
To the red dawn, to the light.

BANNERS

THE CHALLENGER

I SHALL give you the keys to the gates of the four
winds,
To the temple of the sun.
The ocean arches
Will fall,
The night will crumble.
Cities of men will lie, puny toys, to your hand.

In the palpitant earth,
In the clashing of waters,
Crying in the quenchless skies
Rises your will.
Red, a leaping fire;
Cold, a sword.

Am I a god that you worship?
A lover that you pant toward me?
Am I death, whose lap is slumber?
You do not know me.
In the void you seek,
In the furtive darkness,

BANNERS

THE CHALLENGER—*continued*

In pain, glory, adventure.
I cast time behind me, the rind of the fruit.
I go naked and happy
To the fearless peaks,
The brooding.

You do not see
The night of the womb.
You do not hear
The voice of the lightning.
You do not clasp
The body of war.

I shall bring you to the gates of the four winds.
I shall open to you the temple of the sun.

BANNERS

KING'S PARK

ONE by one they come into the room,
Silent, strange, with incurious glances.
Some are gay, with a child's irrelevant laughter,
But most, shut off
From the winter sunlight and the sound of human
 voices,
Incredibly remote.
One schemes for wealth; one boasts, remembering
Gossip and rhymes and lovers of old time,
Till like a wilful girl she runs away,
A childish joke upon her hanging lip.
But the dreadful dignity of one
Is consummated by his utter stillness.
His pale eyes fix an immanent world,
No flicker
Of light, no needle-point of pain
Reaches him where he stays, removed, immobile,
Bound by what grief none knows,
Or if a wanderer in some dread labyrinth none
 penetrates
Its great blind wall.

BANNERS

KING'S PARK—*continued*

Trembling old men, and dull-eyed boys, and
women

Who have outlived a lingering prettiness,

They are all here,

Silly and wild and mute, but all are mad.

All chatter out of tune

With time and memory;

All play with broken toys, ardors and fears

That have no meaning in them.

All their eyes

Are bent on vacancy or on the ground

As tho to pull out of blank space the thing

They clutch at, but can never touch.

They are the prisoners of their own souls,

Dwelling in a yet more horrid jail

Than even human savagery builds for human
savages to suffer in.

Well, and are they for this a race apart

From those who pity and hate their tragic case?

Has none of these slain his own children, none

Been plundered or else plundered prudently?

Has never one

Lost virtue or courage, maybe failed in both?

Has none if such befell

Not borne the burden? Or have all been still,

BANNERS

KING'S PARK—*continued*

Serene, and brave, nor cared for anything
That happened to them in their careful lives?
That's a blind alley. But one thing is plain:
There are walls too thick for intercourse, and
 walls
Too thin for privacy, and walls
Not to be climbed this side eternity; and we all
 live in walled cities.
There's a sound of festival
Or there's a noise of war,
And sometimes shattered stones come tumbling
 down
And leave us in an open desolate place
Where nothing moves
But fear,

BANNERS

JUNE: 1917
(CLASS DAY POEM)

As one who from the dark
Star-crowded sky
Turns, to renew his sense
Of the rough earth he knows, and human faces,
So from the vasts of wisdom we stand back,
Amazed by searching impotence.
But as the man who stares into the void
Cannot forget
The wonder and the hush and the desire
Of the stupendous spaces pricked with fire,
We grope among our commonplaces,
Star-blinded yet.
For we have seen
Out of time's ashen dawn, the brute
Clamber along his lonely cliffs, to light
The fire that would not die till it had fought
Slow centuries of night,
And shown
The first man's passionate children struggling on
Fiercely to goals unknown.

BANNERS

JUNE: 1917—*continued*

Shut from the personal battle, we have striven
With all the war-scarred nations, and been driven
Across all weathered continents and seas.
And breathless, we have watched the alchemies
Of all the wonder-workers.
We have heard
Oceans throbbing shells
With every word and pulse of truth.
And words have been
Our toys and tools.
Whatever we have wrought
Has been in the enkindling strife of thought.
But now the sun
Marks off the day with shadows.
We must go
From our golden playground,
Into the streets of unfamiliar woe
And miserable death.
Yet we have watched
The stars leap from the mother-orb,
And man, rejoicing in the earth that bore him,
run
To worship, dancing.
And those few,
By whose heroic gesture the world broke

BANNERS

JUNE: 1917—*continued*

From slavery,
We have beheld them too,
And something in us woke
Once
That will wake again at the thought of these.
And there will stir in us at the memories
Of them
The old strong will,
We shall have done with the ancient agonies.
Something there is in us to answer the thrill
Of things untried, and a dream like a flag un-
furled
Beckoning on, wins the youth in us still,
The spirit, moving ever to things unseen,
Moving us too,
Youth overcoming the world!

BANNERS

THE NEW DIONYSIAC

TAWNY, swift, silent, comes
October, with her nights like tightened drums.
The hunter stalks the hills. . . .
Thrown to the great blind sky
Shrills the new Dionysiac, and beats
The old, nocturnal cry.

Thru the deep mountains sound
Echoes like autumn thunder,
Storming of feet that hound,
Voices of joy that wound
Men's minds with savage wonder.

Out of the ancient years
Plucked from the mystic vine,
Plucked with a sword for shears,
Pressed with brooding and tears,
Theirs is the utter wine.

The unforgotten places,
The paths that their sisters trod

BANNERS

THE NEW DIONYSIAC—*continued*

Are theirs, and the woven traces
Theirs, and under their paces
The very body of God.

The winds and the night, the fire and the singing
fail.

The fury falters, the dancers falter and cease.
They have crowned the darkness with splendor;
With a red veil
They have bound the brows of the hills;
And filled the night
With torches and triumph, with laughter and
lifted knees.

Out of the tumult of the darkness, dawn
Comes, wan as these,
With wine-red feet unshod.
Sprung from the death they scattered, as a god
In terror and beauty:
Peace.

BANNERS

BEAUTY

BEAUTY is kindled like a fire
Flung on our common moments:
A bright spur
To wingless, lapsed desire.
She is briefly seen
In the untarnished sky,
And in the liquid amber and evening green,
Or in blue-glooming dusk that falls
As a madonna-cloak, and holds
The hushed world wound
In blue voluptuous folds.
She is not married to the stars,
But glows
In rusty boughs that stain the quiet snows;
In pearly streets, dim-lit;
In shop-windows
Shining with glamorous things that cry for touch
And thrilling ownership.
All rainy nights are hers.
She vastly flows
In frozen rivers slow to find the sea.

BANNERS

BEAUTY—*continued*

And in the moving wind invisibly
Unstable stirs.
And she is caught
In music, vibrant in the violin,
In the full choir
And the unequal, thin
Chant of a child, and in young laughter or
Words singing on a wire.
She leaps with fluent limbs
And subtly lies
In gesture and the tangent beam of eyes.
She wavers in slow eddy bands of smoke,
In glimmering shape, and in the rhythmic stroke
Of swimmers. And her breath
Is fresh with forest-smells.
Twisted in sinuous roots, or bodiless
On friendly odors borne,
And like the autumn sky alight with death,
Great beauty dwells.
But tho she wear the very sign of doom,
Like Bacchus' broken body scattered far,
She yet shall work her will
And in recurrent wonder she shall bloom.
Not the unchanging godhead, the fixed star,
But the windy torch, and the pulse and thrill
That all eternal are.

BANNERS

PSALM FOR THE NEW ZION

LIFT up your voices, daughters of Zion!
Sing and rejoice with cymbals.
Bind with fillets of silver, with leaves of gold
And flowers of lapis and coral
The brows that are smiling.
Sound the low drums now.
Blow the pipes for the dancing.
Zion is risen again,
Zion as a queen who was sleeping,
Zion as a conqueror home from the heavy wars.
For the years of your exile are done.
From the footless route of the dunes,
From the aching dark of the Ghettos,
From the place of the scourge,
Emerging,
A moving river of faces,
Proud blood that dumbly shouts,
You return
To the tents of your fathers,
To the fields that mock the sunset skies with their
beauty,

BANNERS

PSALM FOR THE NEW ZION—*continued*

To the mountains that rise like the sisters of happy
giants,
The mist-woven mountains of joy.
Is it more than a dream. . . .
In the shadow of the olives
To look on the vine-wrapped hillocks
Where the wine ripens in silence;
To rest and to hear far off
The soft song of the peasants;
To ignore the gates of the pale
At the sound of the twilight bell;
To lean on the bridge and care for no one who
passes;
To give your wisdom the sinews of strength;
To put the seal of the Pharaohs on the finger of
your young wisdom.
Sing, daughters of Zion,
Sing and rejoice in the streets.
For your mother is come, who was mourned for
As Joseph in Egypt,
Sold to the thieves to be a slave of the nations;
Her brothers look upon Zion,
Giver of loaves and honey,
The companion of princes.

BANNERS

PSALM FOR THE NEW ZION—*continued*

Zion is wakened, is risen.
His eyelashes wet with the dew-fall.
His limbs are girdled with lilies,
His loins with the sheep-skin.
His mouth is sweeter than roses,
And his hair thick as the grape-leaves.
Zion comes down from the mountains.
In his breast there is slumber;
But his heart is hot as the desert,
Fierce as beasts in the thicket
His riotous blood.
Zion stands in the sun.
Go, greet him with music,
Clap your hands and your anklets.
Dance till your garments flutter like white doves
in the sunshine.
He will give you young males
Like lions.
He will give you daughters like lilies,
His kiss is honey and fire.
Lift up your voice, oh Zion,
For he returns as a lover
Thru the eager dark,
Like music;

BANNERS

PSALM FOR THE NEW ZION—*continued*

The heart of the night is a song;
And the morning
Over the wild bright mountains
Moves like a dancer.

BANNERS

ZORKA

"So the Orient door
Was bolted by the Turk.
Spices and ivory, black slaves, Chinese jades:
The prizes Europe hungered for,
Locked fast, until the last Crusades
Belligerent for the cross that was the key. . . ."

But a thousand years have passed
Since that was told.
History seems a tarnished age of gold.
Time goes so slowly, there is so much suffering,
So many scatterings, and such small ease in tears
For the monstrous things
Of a thousand years.

Now the old kings are fled.
They have gone in a sudden panic from their
 thrones.
Death plays the triangle upon their bones.
But the dark multitudes
Who slowly file to the red funeral

BANNERS

ZORKA—*continued*

Drown out his music with their conquerors' tread,
Singing, with bloody banners over the common
dead.

Imperial majesty is fallen away
To a purple cloak over a little clay.
And holiness is gone from sacred places.
Kaiser and czar, sultan and shah and sheik
Are broken figure-heads upon the tide
Of Bolshevik insurgence, in its wide, red flood
From Petrograd, from Samarkand. . . .
Europe holds Asia with a rope of sand.

Out of earth's rocky craters,
Blind with grime,
From the dark furrows lifting startled brows,
When the vast wheels and the hungry machines
are still,
Men listen to the striking of a new time
Bolder than all the guns.
In the grim dawn it sounds,
And with the sun's slow whitening breaks upon
the millions sleeping,
And wakes them to old wounds,
And to a silence louder than all weeping.

BANNERS

ZORKA—*continued*

The East is red once more,
Redder than war,
As from the iron vigil, morning lifts
A beautiful rebellious head.

BANNERS

ET LE BON DIEU PENSA . . .

BEING past His first youth,
When He had used strong hands
To rend the dark,
And blown on the stars like coals,
Being past the time
When He had swung earth by its fiery strands,—
And seeing the little playthings He had wrought:
Finished stone honey-combs,
And the splendor of His thought
Borne in frail ships looping the seven seas,
God sat and smiled
At the games that He had loved when God was a
child.
But now He was tired. He was middle-aged,
And He did not care
To build proud cities out of fluted sands,
To traverse space for the sake of the sky's red
fruit,
Or boisterously to shout
Like a young giant holding
The world by its bright hair.

BANNERS

ET LE BON DIEU PENSA—*continued*

He sat down in heaven
Smoking hugely in His chair.
But there were one or two things that troubled
God.

He still remembered His youth with joy,
Tho He knew He had been less happy as a boy
Than when He was older.
But His griefs, like His other passions, had
grown colder.

He smoked, and pondered on His universe.
It was not like His plan,
Perhaps not worse, . . .
And yet, He stared at the earth
And suddenly He shook with wonderful mirth:
It was filled with so many of His little idols—man.
He had made this one thing in His image.
It was like Himself in the first rough power of
youth.

It considered the various suns
And the other things He had made
As its own.
It was not afraid even of Him.
And that was the truth.
He smoked and smoked.
He wondered why He had cared

BANNERS

ET LE BON DIEU PENSA—*continued*

To give it more than He gave
To the nebulous worlds
Or the lightning
Or the fierce lovable brutes.
He wondered how He had dared.
For man was the cleverest creature He had made,
And the meanest, too.
And He sighed, sitting up there in heaven,
Over His pipe,
And all He had intended to do.
Now He was middle-aged,
Probably that was the reason
He felt so old and despaired
Of all the fine traps He had laid
And the poor things He had caught and caged.
But He took another long pull,
And He thought again,
There were all the stars,
And the planets,
There was the sun, and the moon that was dead.
There was that fantastic earth,
And its multiple creatures,
Forever dying and forever coming to birth,
The monstrous tropic beasts,
The ocean's million fins,

BANNERS

ET LE BON DIEU PENSA—*continued*

The million wings that fan the ambient air,
The numberless exquisite microscopic, everywhere.
And there was still man.
God laughed noiselessly, as only God can.
He was wondering why
He had made man at all,
So, His thought wandering to the story of the fall,
He reached out carelessly and plucked an apple
Of pale golden lustre, from the sky.
And as He munched with solemn satisfaction
He was still bothered by the mystery
Of His small idol.
For it was intricate and delicate
And had an ancient history
Bloody and beautiful and adventurous.
And God wondered why He had made it thus,
And why He was in such simple slavery
To the thing He had made.
He threw away the core,
And felt His years, and just a touch afraid.
He thought of His long sacrifice to man,
And how He had bowed to this idol,
Fasted and prayed,
And shaken before its power,
And how He had had faith

BANNERS

ET LE BON DIEU PENSA—*continued*

When it showed only wrath and empty hands,
And how when all He had done seemed gone for
nought

He felt that man, His idol, understands.
He remembered darkly His creature furious
Because He had scorned it,
And how with rich burnt offering He had sought
To appease it.

And He thought how it was hungry, wilful, curi-
ous,
And it was the image of Himself that He had
wrought.

And then He thought
In His infinite wisdom
That if He had not made this creature
Man would have made himself.
God needed no preacher
To tell Him this. He was at least as wise as you.
And in His wisdom He laughed to think that that
was true.

And so God pondered, smoking,
And smiling, in heaven.
But it was getting late, so He arose
And yawned with His whole body
And decided

BANNERS

ET LE BON DIEU PENSA—*continued*

That, being middle-aged, He had to sleep.
And tho He never derided prayer,
He was sure
His idol would forgive Him if He went
To His pleasant couch without that sacrament.
But before He slept He looked with all His eyes
At the distant earth,
And blessed with all His heart
Man and his works,
That were the best part of God's own youth.
And on that mystery
He turned and went to bed and slumbered deep,
Without dreams.
God is now middle-aged.
But He is still beautiful asleep.



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